

# The Hunger Circle

Saviour Machine

A cauldron of cults leads the ambush of thoughts in  
My mind,  
Doctrines of demons that crawl in my eyes leave me  
Dancing blind,  
The passport of horrible manifestations and lies  
Inducing eruptions, disfiguring plains in its silent cries.

The lust in the void is desolate and needing,  
The alienation is tenuous and breathing.

Into the hunger circle a stranger awaits,  
Inside the hunger circle the heretic reigns.  
Into the hunger circle, into the altered states,  
The keeper of the killing streets  
Will wake up screaming crisis in his game.

The perilous tide from the ominous side of the lines  
Is thriving, relentlessly transporting glassy-eyed  
Warning signs.  
The kinds of malice is sheer mutilation of love.  
The epidemic of flesh and convulsion is sickened  
Perversion above.

A prayer for the dying, a kiss for the last.  
A tear for the crying, a hit for the cast.

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The bleeding oppression of millions of victims is done.  
The wealthiest nation on earth must provide for its  
Waiting son.  
His arsenic is rising ...  
Come inside the genocide ride.

Look what you've done to me,  
Look what you've done to my world.  
Here comes the flood to release me,  
Here comes the turn.

Fighting the hunger circle, standing alone.  
Lighting the hunger circle, vision is shown.  
Dying, the hunger circle, die in the face of pain.  
The keeper of the killing streets is sleeping now,  
And dreaming of my name.